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## DRILLING.

Sweet Amy asked, with pleading eyes,  
"Dear Charley, teach me, will you,  
The words I've heard your Captain say—  
I should so like to drill you."

"What, little one, you take command?  
Well, Amy, I'm quite willing,  
In such a company as yours  
I can't have too much drilling."

"Stand over there, and sing out clear,  
Like this: 'Squad, stand at ease!'"  
Oh, Charley, you'll wake up upstairs,  
Don't shout like that, dear, please!"

"I stand at ease, like this, you see!  
And then I scarce need mention,  
The next command you have to give  
Is the one, 'Squad, Attention!'

"Now, Amy, smartly, after me,  
(You're sure, dear, it don't bore you!)  
Forward—Quick March—Halt—Front—Right Dress—  
There, now, I'm close before you.

"Present arms—well it does look odd;  
You don't believe I'd tried,  
We hold our arms out just like this,  
In drill without the rifle.

"Now say 'Salute your officer.'"  
"Oh, Charles, for shame, how can you?  
I thought that you were at some trick,  
You horrid, cheating man, you!"

Charles "ordered arms" without command,  
She smoothed her rump ed hair,  
And pouted, frowned and blushed, and then  
Said softly, "As you were!"

## JOHN HILL, ALIAS NIXON CURRY;

OR, THE

## VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

### A TRUE SKETCH OF ARKANSAS.

**BLOODY AFFRAY.**—A desperate rencontre occurred last week in St. Francis. Two distinguished citizens were killed, and three others dangerously wounded. The difficulty resulted from an attempt to arrest John Hill, a member of the last legislature, and formerly of the State Convention, who, as it is alleged, is the notorious robber, Nixon Curry, that committed such atrocities fifteen years ago in the mountains of Carolina."—*Little Rock Gaz.*, May, 1840.

We have given the previous extract from the oldest and most respectable journal of Arkansas, in order to satisfy every reader that the following narrative, extraordinary as some of its incidents may appear, is no tissue of fiction. Indeed, while relating genuine events and painting true scenes, we have been particularly careful to avoid all vivid colors. Should this short sketch, by any chance, reach the forests of Arkansas, the people there will deem its description tame in comparison with the deeds of the man. The writer, who has resided long on the frontier, has no fancy for mimicry in portraying its exciting life. Simple memory will serve him very well.

About fifty years ago, there lived in Iredell Co., North Carolina, a Presbyterian preacher by the name of Curry. He was a man in easy circumstances, of irreproachable character, and having a large family of promising sons and daughters. Among these, the favorite was Nixon, distinguished when a boy for his fearless courage and the tenderness of his heart alike. He seems, from several anecdotes of his early days, to have been a child of impulse and intense earnestness and passion. When only six years of age, he had a combat at school, with the bully of the play ground, nearly twice his own weight, and after suffering most dreadfully, at last achieved victory, due almost entirely to the sheer power of his endurance.

From the time he was six years old, that is to say, from the first season he attended in the country school house, had Nixon Curry been in love. His idol was a little girl of the same age, and under the tutition of the same master. The attachment appears to have been mutual from the commencement. They stood up in one class, and always managed to stand together. During the hours of recess when the other juveniles were amusing themselves with boisterous sports, the precocious lovers would wander amidst leafy groves, or by the mossy margins of the silver mills. Forever to eternity and whenever the soft spell of first love comes, it brings with it the bright spirit of poetry, scattering thick-starred dreams and divine visions of beauty over all things. Even then they exchanged names, and discoursed in sweet sinless whispers of their future bridal.

And thus they grew up in one delicious identity of fancy and of feeling. Their bias for each other's society, while children, caused no particular remark. Such attachments are common among the youth of both sexes in the country, and, as usual, terminate abruptly on arrival at mature years. Far different, however, was the case of Nixon Curry and Lucy Gordon. Their passion became so evident at fifteen, that all further intercourse was forbidden by their parents—among the wealthiest aristocracy of Carolina. Then followed stolen meetings by starlight, firmer vows and wilder love, which always increases in proportion to its crosses, and, like the tree of Lebanon, sends down its deepest roots into the heart, the more it is shaken by storms.

Finally, at seventeen, when Lucy's relatives were endeavoring to force her into the arms of another, she fled with the lover of her childhood. They were pursued, overtaken; and Nixon Curry shot his rival and one of the proud Gordons dead on the spot, and then escaped with his bride, although hotly chased by more men, and found an asylum in the Alleghany Mountains, near the sources of the Catawba. Here, under the plea of necessity, he embraced the profession of a robber, and rendered his name famous by the number and astonishing boldness of his exploits. We may record it, not as a matter of merit, perhaps, but for the sake of historical truth, that the youthful bandit was never known to perpetrate any deed

of murder for the purpose of plunder, though he did several to avoid arrest. At length the rumor of his daring felonies ceased suddenly, and notwithstanding a reward of five thousand dollars was offered for his apprehension by the Governor of the State, he was heard of no more in North Carolina.

At the first settlement of the fertile delta bordering on the St. Francis, there came an emigrant, who called himself John Hill, and who soon succeeded in acquiring universal popularity. Although of moderate means, he was sober, industrious, generous, and hospitable; and such continued to be his character, in the new country of his adoption, for twelve successive years. During all that long period he had never had a personal difficulty or quarrel with any human being; and yet everybody was satisfied that such a peaceful life—singular for that latitude—was not owing to a want of courage, or deficiency in power to perform a good service, in any sort of battle field; for of all bear hunters that ever pierced the jungles of cane in, "the great swamp," or descended by torch light into the dark caves of the Ozark Mountains, he was celebrated as being the most fearless among them.

He was repeatedly elected to the Territorial Legislature, where he distinguished himself by a strong impassioned eloquence, as a chief leader in the democratic ranks. He was next, as we have already seen, a member of the Convention that formed the State constitution; and he was elected again the ensuing year to represent his own county in the State of Arkansas.

At this period commenced his second series of misfortunes. Hill's nearest neighbors were the Strongs—four brothers of considerable wealth, more ambitious, and if we may borrow the phrase of the country, "great fighters."

Notwithstanding their character was so dissimilar from that of the pacific "bear hunter," a close and cordial intimacy grew up between them; and Hill, in an unguarded moment, made the eldest brother, George, a confidant as to the secrets of his previous history. It happened that this same George conceived a violent desire for political distinction, and requested Hill to resign his seat in the Senate, in the illiberal friend's favor. Hill refused, and the Strongs conspired for a terrible revenge. Writing back to Carolina, they procured a copy of the reward offered for the arrest of Nixon Curry, the far-famed robber; and then collecting a party of a dozen desperadoes, they attempted to capture Hill in his own house. The latter had always gone armed with his enormous double-barreled shot gun, two long rifle pistols, and a knife so heavy that few other hands besides his own could wield it. The assault of the Strongs proved horrible to themselves. Hill killed two of the brothers, and dangerously wounded five of their friends, escaping himself unhurt, although more than twenty rounds of ball and buckshot were aimed at his breast.

The excitement resulting from the affair was boundless. A requisition came from the executive of Carolina, demanding the surrender of Nixon Curry. The Governor of Arkansas published an additional reward for the arrest of John Hill; and thus, betwixt the two fires, the victim's chance seemed perfectly hopeless.

Hill's conduct in this crisis was prompt and fearless as ever. Packing up hastily, he set out with his wife and children, in a common moving wagon, for Upper Arkansas, where he knew of a band of desperadoes that he believed would protect him. He was overhauled at Conway Court House by two hundred men in pursuit, all thoroughly armed, and some of them renowned "fighters." Hill saw their approach on the distant prairie, and with his dreadful double-barrel—that sure death-dealer to either man or beast, within the range of two hundred yards—instantly marched to meet his foes. This incredible bravery joined to the fear before inspired by his desperation, affected the advancing troops with such an uncontrollable panic, that the whole two hundred sought safety in a disgraceful rapid flight.

Several other attempts were made to capture the dangerous outlaw, all alike ending in ludicrous or bloody failures. In the meantime Hill's character underwent a complete change. Forced to be always on the look-out, and therefore unable to follow any steady business in order to support his family, he resorted to the gaming table. He learned also to indulge in the fiery stimulants of ardent drink, and his disposition, necessarily soured by recent events, became quarrelsome in the extreme.

Perhaps there never was a man, excepting only that Napoleon of duellists, James Bowie, who was so heartily dreaded. I have myself seen persons of undoubted courage turn pale merely at the appearance of Hill's gigantic form, broadly belted and bristling with pistols. He was waylaid and shot at a number of times, yet still escaped without a scar. But this could be no wonder; for even brave men's hands shook when they saw him, and shaking hands generally make very poor shots.

During the September term, 1843, of the Circuit Court for Pope county, in which Hill resided, he got out of bed one morning uncommonly giddy, and while he was at the breakfast-table, suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked Lucy—that beautiful Lucy, who had formerly left her wealthy home in Carolina for the robber and the robber's cave.

"I have had a dreadful dream," answered the husband, shuddering at the recollection; "I saw George Strong in my sleep, and he kissed me with his pale lips, that burned like fire, and smelled like sulphur. I am sure I shall die before sunset."

"Then do not go to court to-day," said the wife in accents of earnest entreaty.

"But I will," replied the husband, firmly. "When a man's time is come, he cannot hide from death; besides, it would be the act of a coward to do so, if one possessed the power." Then addressing his son, a fine intelligent boy of thirteen, he continued—"Bill, you see my gun"—pointing his finger as he spoke, to the great double-barrel hanging on the buck horns over the door—"practice with that every morning, and the day you are sixteen, shoot the loads of both barrels into the man who will this day kill your father."

"Yonder comes Mose Howard; he will protect you, pa," remarked Mary, Hill's eldest daughter, a lovely girl of fifteen, who was to be married the next day to the youth then approaching.

Hill and Howard departed; Lucy with tears, and Mary blushing, both calling out as they left the gate—

"Take good care of him, Mose! and be sure that you bring him back to-night."

"Never fear," answered the youth with a laugh. "Hill will never die till I kill him."

"Then he will live forever," retorted Mary, laughing also.

As soon as the friends reached the village, Hill began to drink deeply, and manifested more than ordinary anxiety for a combat, insulting everybody that crossed his path; and all the youth's entreaties failed to pacify him. At last the desperado awoke that he would clear the court-house; and immediately entering, with a furious

countenance, and a threat as to his purpose—judge, lawyers, jury, and spectators, made a general rush for the door. One old drunken man alone did not run as fast as Hill wished, and he sprang on the imbecile wretch, and commenced beating him unmercifully.

Howard then caught hold of his future father-in-law, (alias who was never to be!) and attempted to pull him away.

With eyes red, and glaring like a mad dog's, Hill instantly turned upon his friend, and with a single blow of his fist felled him to the floor; then following up the violent act, he leaped upon the youth, and began a most ferocious battery. In vain Howard endeavored to escape, crying out in tones of beseeching horror, "For God's sake, cease! Hill! don't you know me?—your friend Mose! Remember Mary!" Hill's anger only increased, till finally he threw his hand to his belt, and clutched a pistol. And then Howard's blood also boiled, and he resolved to fight for his life. He was of as powerful frame as the other—the only person in all Arkansas to be compared with the desperado in physical strength.

Howard grasped the barrel of the pistol as Hill cocked it, and the weapon exploded in their hands without injury. Once more they clenched, and the most dreadful struggle ensued ever witnessed in the west. The advantage shifted from the one side to the other for the space of five minutes, till both were bathed in streams of their own blood.

Even the bystanders, looking on through the windows of the log court house, were struck with wonder and awe. At length, while writhing and twisting like two raging serpents, the handle of Hill's huge bowie knife—unthought of previously—protruded from beneath his hunting skirt. Both saw it at the same time, and both attempted to grasp it. Howard succeeded, quick as lightning, he drew the keen blade from its scabbard, and sheathed it up to the very hilt in the bosom of his friend and the father of his Mary.

"The dream is fulfilled," exclaimed Hill, with a smile of strange sweetness, that remained on his features even after he was a corpse. He then sunk down, and expired without a groan.

Howard gazed on him there as he lay, with that singular smile on his face and his glazed eyes opened. And then, awakening with a start, as if from some horrible vision of the night, the poor, unhappy youth fell headlong on the body of his friend, crying in tones that melted many a hardened spectator into tears "Great God! what have I done?" He kissed the calm lips of the dead; wet his cheeks with a rain of unavailing sorrow; essayed to staunch the bloody wound with his handkerchief; and then apparently satisfied that all was over, sprang upon his feet with a piercing scream, "Farewell, Mary, your father is gone, and I am going with him!" and turning the point of the gory knife towards his own breast, would have plunged it into his own heart, had he not been prevented by the bystanders, who had now crowded into the room.

The same evening Mose Howard disappeared, and was heard of no more for nearly two years, when a horse-dealer brought back word that he had seen him in San Antonio, Texas.

When the shocking news reached Hill's family, the beautiful Mary burst into a wild laugh. She is now in the asylum for the insane at New Orleans.

Had we been inditing a tale of romance, we would have paused with the preceding page; but literal truth compels us to record another fact equally characteristic both as to the chief actors and the backwoods theatre of the main tragedy.

It will be remembered that the fallen desperado bad enjoined upon his son to slay the slayer of his father on the day he should arrive at sixteen. Without any such charge, vengeance would have been considered by the boy as a sacred duty; for on the frontiers, the widows of slain men teach vengeance to their children, and they occasionally execute it themselves.

Accordingly, Bill Hill practised with his father's gun every day for two successive years, and this even before he had any rumor as to the place of Howard's refuge. He then learned that his toe was in Texas, and two months before he was sixteen he set out to hunt him up.

At the end of four months Bill Hill came back, and hanging up the double barrels in their old buckhorn rack, answered his mother's enquiring look—

"Mother, Mose is dead; I let him have both loads. Though I cried before I done it, and afterwards, too, he looked so miserable, pale, and bony as a skeleton."

"Poor Mose!" said the mother, weeping; "but it could not be helped. The son of such a brave man as Nixon Curry must never be called a coward, and besides, it was your father's order."

**CROOKED SPINES IN GIRLS.**—It is a sad fact, that nearly every young lady in fashionable life has lateral curvature of the spine. This comes at the age of ten or eleven, and continues slowly but steadily to increase, unnoticed even by a mother's watchful eye, till the child is really deformed, one shoulder is much larger and higher than the other, and one hip higher, so that the dress-maker is obliged to put cotton in the dress, to make the back look flat and square. The boys, their brothers, have no such trouble; why should they? The question may well be asked by every thoughtful parent. We answer that *improper dress* and other physiological errors, in which girls constantly indulge, produce this mischief. The dress of the girl is always tighter than her brother's, and this is begun while she is quite young, "to give her a form," the mother says, as if the Creator did not do this when he made the child. This constant pressure upon the muscles of the spine, which are designed to keep it straight, causes absorption of those muscles, and as the right arm is used more than the left, the spine is drawn under the right shoulder blade, thus making it project. The muscles are so weakened by absorptions, that they cannot bring the spine to its proper position, and you have a case of lateral curvature. In addition to this tight dress, we have seen girls of thirteen and fourteen with corsets on. Often these are adopted by thoughtless mothers, in the hope to straighten the child, but under their cruel pressure the difficulty rapidly increases, till the poor deformed girl is sent to a spinal institution to be treated. While this difficulty is gradually increasing, the young girl is sent to school, to spend five or six hours each day bending over a low desk, and when she returns home, instead of being allowed to play ball or any other active game in the open air, as her brothers are, is placed on a high piano stool, where her toes but just touch the floor, with nothing to protect her back. In this position she must sit one long painful hour. Do you wonder she has a crooked spine? We wonder that any escape, for all are obliged to pass through the same killing ordeal.

A GENTLEMAN, who spoke of having been struck by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

### A VALUABLE LESSON TO A GAMEMASTER.

The *Independence Belge* tells the following story of a young man who had squandered at the gaming-tables of one of the German Baths his entire fortune, amounting to about eight hundred thousand francs. He had lost, successively, park, chateau, city mansion, and country house, and there remained to the unfortunate gamemaster, out of all his estates, only a single spot of ground—a small orange plantation—which he had carefully excepted from his other stakes. The winner (for his antagonist throughout had been the same person) was an Englishman, phlegmatic and stoical in appearance, but whose curiosity was aroused at the solicitude of the rash youth for the preservation of a dilapidated and seemingly useless green-house, containing a few boxes of orange trees. "What are you going to do with this?" he asked. "Let us play for it." "Never," replied the young man. "This orangery is a souvenir, a relic of my childhood. My mother has passed many hours there with me. I may die there; I may try to live there; but I would blow out my brains rather than stake on a card a single flower of those trees." "It was just one blossom that I was about to propose as a stake. Since you have nothing else, I will play with you for that, a simple orange blossom. Will you consent to it?" "But what could you wager on your side against a flower, if I should consent to play?" "Oh! a mere trifle, of course. I too, would sacrifice a little sentiment. Here is an autograph, for instance, which I will deposit as a wager in the hands of a third person." The young man laughed, and yielded. Notwithstanding his filial sentiment, he saw no profanation in the offering of a flower to Chance, the god who had served him so ill. As the game was about to commence, the Englishman said to the young Frenchman, "You swear on your honor, if you win, to accept the stake, however ridiculous it may appear to you?" "I swear, because I have full confidence in you, my lord. Cards were brought; the game commenced, and in a few moments the young man had gained the mysterious autograph.

He received it with some emotion, but how greatly it increased, when he read a donation in regular form, of the eight hundred thousand francs that he had lost! The blush of shame mounted to his face. He protested; he refused; he declared that the bargain was null. "I have your word of honor," said the Englishman, smiling. "The agreement was in earnest. If I had won, I should have claimed the orange blossom." "But a mere flower against a fortune!" "You thought more of your orange trees, for you would not stake them, than of the eight hundred thousand francs. The match was equal." After two hours of debate, a court of honor, having examined into and weighed the affair coolly, decided that the Frenchman could accept; and he did so, on condition that Lord Z— would remain his dearest friend.

**WORK AND PLAY.**—Recreation can be fully enjoyed only by a man who has some honest occupation. The end of the work is to enjoy leisure; but to enjoy leisure, you must have gone through work. Play time must come after school time, otherwise it loses its savor. Play, after all, is a relative thing; it is not a thing which has an absolute existence. There is no such thing as play, except in the worker. It comes out by contrast. Put white upon white, and you can hardly see it; put white upon black, and how black it is! Light your lamp in the sunshine, and it is nothing; you must have dark around, to make its presence felt.

And besides this, the greater part of the enjoyment of recreation consists in the feeling that we have earned it by previous hard work. One goes out for the afternoon walk with a light heart, when one has done a good task since breakfast. It is one thing for the dawdling idler to set off to the continent or the Highland, just because he was sick of everything around him; and quite another when a hard-wrought man, who is of some use in life, sets off as gay as a lark, with the pleasant feeling that he has brought some work to an end, on the self-same tour.

And then a business man finds a relish in simple recreations; while a man who has nothing to do, finds all things wearisome, and thinks that life is "used up;" it takes something quite out of the way to tickle that indolent palate; you might as well prick the hide of a hippopotamus with a needle, as to excite the interest of that blade being by any amusement which is not soled with the cayenne of vice. And that certainly has a powerful effect. It was a glass of water to the wicked old French woman who was drinking, when she said:—"Oh! that this were a sin to give it a relish!"

**GOOD COMPANY AND DIGESTION.**—All those manifold efforts and stratagems by which food is secured, then prepared by the elaborate machinery of cooks, and then conveyed to various

# NEW YORK CLIPPER.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1861.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. H. B. S.—**Billiards**.—1. The twored balls are on their respective spots, and my ball is "frozen" to the light red. I play and pocket the deep red ball, and taking the angles, return and carom on the light red. My opponent says I am not entitled to six points, while I claim that I am. Who is right?.... You are right; you are entitled to six points, providing you did not, in making the shot, remove the light red to which you were "frozen" from its position. 2. There are so many claimants for "biggest runs" that we are unable to decide. At the spot-ball game, 1700 by Lyman Higgin, the Albany Pony; four ball carom, 177 by Kavaneesh; principally around the table, 242 by Michael Phelan, and 898 at carom pool by an amateur, are among the best of those properly authenticated.

**BILLIARDS**, Chicago.—C. Lewis and D. Watkins were playing billiards. Lewis had a very difficult shot to make, and bet Watkins fifty dollars (we bet dollars yet in Chicago in spite of the time) he would *count*. He played to pocket the white ball and carom. He pocketed the white, missed the carom and pocketed his own ball. I decided the bet. My decision is disputed, and it is now for you to say. Did Lewis or Watkins win the bet?.... Watkins won. It was very evident that Lewis was entitled to no *count*, and if he was not entitled to count, how can it be said that he counted? If he had bet that he would make the shot, the affair would assume a different aspect.

D. R. O., Hoboken.—A "Dead Beat" as we understand the term is one of the *gross homo* who borrows and never pays, who contracts debts and never liquidates, who entraps the unwary by wagers on the run thing principle, who likes to be asked to drink but never returns the compliment, enters into matrimony as often as he can make money by the operation, in short, a mean man, a "sucker." The term "dead beat" is also used in speaking of one of the above tribe's "sells" or tricks. The animals abound in New York, and even the city of Hoboken is not free from them. In fact, they are ubiquitous. There, that is the best we can do for the lady, unless we advise her to abun them, as she would a mosquito.

**MILK AND HALF MILK**.—1. We have no record of half time. 2. Samson ran one mile, two furlongs, and 73 yards, in 2 min. 10 sec., at Newmarket, England, in October 1867. This is at the rate of one mile in 1 min. 46 1/2 sec.; the quickest time on record. Precess ran a mile in 1 min. 45 sec., on the Metairie Course, New Orleans, April 3, 1866. Henry Perritt and Begira each ran a mile in 1:42 1/2, the former at New Orleans in 1855, carrying 56 lbs, the latter at the same place in 1850 at catch weight. 3. "Mum's" the word; we had already guessed as much, however.

**NEWBORN**.—Base ball.—Can a player make an ace or base on a "fly ball" before it is settled in the hands of the pitcher? See 16 of the rules and regulations, which applies to this play, appears to admit of two constructions, and its true meaning is a matter of constant dispute among base ball players. .... No. He must return to his base, after which he can run home.

**EDEN, N. Y.**—Was the Atlantic Base Ball Club ever defeated in a home and home match, to the best of your recollection?.... They were not. In a match with the Empire the second game was undecided, although claimed by the Empire.

**BIRDS EYE FOOL**.—Your remarks coincide somewhat with our opinions, but just now, while the matter is in abeyance, to publish your document, would be premature. Your P. S. is to the point.

**CHEESEY**, Buffalo.—The wooden soles of the clog shoes you speak of are in one piece, without any division whatever, and run the whole length of the foot.

**CUPERS**, New Haven, Ct.—Address Dr. Gouraud, No. 67 Walker street, New York, and he will probably send you something that may prove efficacious.

**CARR J. C. M.**—**Bluff**.—The side bet being altogether independent of the game, it, (the side bet) is decided by the first hand, and the party holding "aces or better," wins.

A. J. WINTER.—Address the lady, care of Frank Rivers, Howard Sheneum, Boston, Mass.

P. C. HAVENS, Jamestown, New York.—Sent on Thursday last. You have received it're this, doubtless.

**PUFFY JOE**.—Each having one to go, B playing Jack, which was "high," puts him out first, of course, and he wins the game.

**MOUNTAIN BOY**.—We have no data at hand, by which we can reply to your query.

"CLIPPER CHARLIE," Madison, Ind.—1. Glad to hear of your safe return. 2. Yes, we could send it.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—Try Dr. Gouraud's Poultre Subtilis, advertised in another column.

**WILSON BOY**, Toronto.—Forwarded the documents some time ago. What's up?

F. A. D.—Address Harry Jennings, No. 22 White street, N. Y. J. L. F., New York.—We do not know where he is at present.

## GOODWOOD RACES.

### STARKE WINS THE GOODWOOD CUP.

By late advices from England, we glean the pleasing intelligence that the American horse Starke won the Goodwood Cup, a prize that Mr. Ten Broeck has long coveted, and made persevering efforts to obtain. Optimist, was, as we stated last week, the favorite for the Cup, but owing to an accident, was not pushed for it, although, even then, he managed to secure a prominent place. From the above cause, therefore, as well as for his brilliant running for the Goodwood stakes on the previous day, Starke was set down to win by his owner, and aided by a stable companion to force the pace, recently purchased by Mr. Ten Broeck, secured the victory in a gallant manner, even when it was all but lost, coming in at the goal only a head in advance, after one of the quickest races and most desperate finishes ever witnessed at Goodwood. Starke, it will be remembered, is the same animal that won the Goodwood stakes in 1859, as well as the Bentinck Memorial Plate, when, in conjunction with Umpire, who won the Nursery Stakes, he succeeded in winning for his owner upwards of \$40,000, or \$200,000; and indeed, this wonderful animal came well nigh winning the Stakes at the present Goodwood, as well as the Cup, having run second thereto.

**REGATTA AT JERSEY CITY**.—On Thursday, the 29th inst, there will be a grand regatta at Jersey City, which will be open to all model yachts. The boats will start from McGowan's basin, foot of Van Vorst street, Jersey City, and sail a distance of twenty miles. Some of the best yachts in our waters have already signified their intention of entering, and it will from present appearances, prove one of the best aquatic exhibitions of the present season.

**BOAT RACE AT HALIFAX**, N. S.—A race came off in the harbor on the 31st inst, between the wherries "Troubler," the successful boat at the late regatta, and the "Defeat," one of the defeated. The "Troubler" was again the victor.

**YACHT RACE AT SAINTVILLE**, N. J.—On Wednesday, August 13th, a spirited sailing contest came off at Saintville, New Jersey, which attracted a great deal of interest and attraction in yachting circles. The race was from the stake boat off Pollock's "Yacht Cove Hotel," to a buoy off Sandy Island, thence to the buoy of Robin Reef light, and return to the judges, or home stake boat, making a distance of twenty miles. The race was open to yachts of all sizes and rigs, and allowed of no means of power, for difference in length. The contestants were divided into two classes, viz.: Jib and main-sail, and cat rigged. Of the former class, the following were the entries: "Harvey G. Fowler," of the Jersey City Yacht Club, built by P. McGowan; "Comet," of Hoboken, built by A. C. Smith. Of cat rigged boats there were the "William Morris," of New York, built by David Dunn; "Blackbird," Jersey City Yacht Club, built by Ike Fish; the "Henry Hilliard," of the Brooklyn Yacht Club, built by Smedley; the "Amphitrite," of Jersey City, built by R. Fish; and the "Colleen Bawn," of the Jersey City Yacht Club, built by P. McGowan. The jib and mainsail boats went twice over the course, and the cat rigged boats but once. On the first trip around the course, the Backbird was first, and six minutes ahead of the Comet; the latter was thirty seconds ahead of the Fowler, which was third. The Fowler and Comet made an exciting race of it, as the figures were, "around the table" 128, four ball carom game 164, French game 20, carom pool 881. M. Berger, the celebrated French carom player, having finished his tour through America, has returned home. He left in the City of Glasgow, on Saturday, August 13. He proposes to return again when peace is restored. He left a letter, highly complimentary to Mr. Phelan.

**BILLIARDS IN NEW YORK**.—This pastime, as might be supposed, is not followed with as much ardor as in days gone by, owing to "war's alarms" and the dog days. The few cool evenings of last week, however, brought out the devotees at the shrine of St. Billiard, in somewhat stronger force, and the various saloons did a better "biz." At Phelan's the contest is still going on for the prize billiard table, but the counts, notwithstanding the efforts and perseverance of those who have entered for it, still remain in statu quo, the figures being, "around the table" 128, four ball carom game 164, French game 20, carom pool 881. M. Berger, the celebrated French carom player, having finished his tour through America, has returned home. He left in the City of Glasgow, on Saturday, August 13. He proposes to return again when peace is restored. He left a letter, highly complimentary to Mr. Phelan.

**MRS. LINCOLN AND THE CRICKETERS**.—The wife of the President was among the gay folks present at the cricket match at Long Branch, on Saturday, the 17th inst, and seemed well pleased with the sport. In recording the fact, we cannot help expressing our hope that the war in which we are ungladly involved, and of which our Chief Executive at Washington necessarily has the supervision, may soon enable him to partake of the delight experienced by his lady on the occasion in question. The cricket ball is better than the cannon ball, as doubtless the illustrious Abe will confess, when the closing of the game at one will enable him to contemplate the fine play of the other.

**CARD PHOTOGRAPHS**.—To W. J. Gladding, Esq., of Fredericks' Photographic Gallery, No. 557 Broadway, we are indebted for a number of photographic cards, embracing the likenesses of the following named personages—Prince Napoleon, Prince Clothilde, Duchess d'Albrance, General Andrew Jackson (Old Hickory), T. B. Prendergast, Ben McCullough, Beauregard, E. G. P. Wilkes, John Brougham, T. D. Rice, and F. S. Chanfrau. The gentleman favoring us with such a valuable collection of neatly executed cards as the above, will please accept our thanks "and more too."

**BLINDFOLD CHESS PLAYING**.—A young and promising chess player of this city, Mr. J. A. Leonard, succeeded in playing three blindfold games of chess, simultaneously, against three average players at the Morphy Chess Rooms, on the 16th inst., vanquishing all his antagonists easily.

**COBURG REGATTA**.—Tuesday, Aug. 6th, was a gala day in Coburg, C. W. The morning dawned with unusual promise for the loves of aquatic sport. At the hour appointed for the start, all being ready, the boats were moved off, and presented a grand appearance. The wind being light, hopes were entertained that a breeze might spring up; but the hopefuls were doomed to disappointment, for shortly after the boats had passed the harbor, on their way to the eastern buoy, the wind died away, and the result was, "no race," so far as first or second class boats were concerned. The third class prize, of \$10, was won by the Julia, the winner of the same prize in the last year's Regatta. The following is a list of the boats entered:

**First Class**.—Rev. Jones; Arrow, Wallace; John A. Cuthbert; D. R. Bererton; George Steers, Tuttle.

**Second Class**.—Garibaldi, Delaney; Phantom, Perry; Undine, Schubert; Grace Osborne; Wide Awake, C. Elliott; Sue, R. Stanley; Open Boat; White Pidgeon, James Badet; Julia, R. Brown; Dove, N. Bradshaw; Shamrock; Dan; Spitie, McPherson.

**SECOND DAY**.—This day gave promise of being an excellent one for yachting;

**WHAT OF HENRAN'S CHALLENGE?**—The steamer Persia, did not, as she was expected to do, bring any intelligence of how Henrhan's challenge was relished by the pugilistic brotherhood of Great Britain, and what they intended to do with it. It is possible, however, that they are taking time to deliberate upon it, and to look up the best or "any other man" to submit to the Benicia Boy's astronomical powers, before making the matter public, or announcing their intentions. It has been thought probable by some here, that the embargo resting on Sayers may be removed, "just for once," as they think that there is no other man who is equal to combat with Henrhan, or whom the supporters of the British Prize Ring would care to invest a sufficient large amount for the American to stand for. They base their opinions on the idea that neither Macé nor King, notwithstanding the latter's avoidance, circumference and altitude, is equal to Sayers, and that anything short of his prowess and ability would stand a "ghost of a chance" with the Boy. We must admit that these reasons, if sound, are cogent; and as Master Tom is now relieved from the onus of maintaining the position of Champion of England, and therefore at liberty to go whither he listeth, an excellent opportunity offers for him to "fight his battle o'er again" in Canada. If his friends would but lift the embargo above alluded to, and under which he labors, it is possible that some such arrangement might be made, and thus settle in a manner satisfactory to both parties, the question as to who is the better man; which, "although we still claim a victory for Henrhan, was not definitely settled by the fight at Farnborough. The Bully Ringer at Farnborough, will object to such a plan, though, we suppose, as he would be deprived of the "whole and sole control" of, not only the arrangements but of the result, by which he so beautifully managed to save the "hono" on a previous and memorable occasion. Speculations on their intentions, avail but little however, and we must "wait a little longer," to know what trump card they will turn up. Some dissatisfaction, we observe, is caused by Macé putting off his fight with King to the eleventh hour, he having taken the full six months. It is argued from this, that Macé wants to get the belt with as little fighting as possible, and that allowing such a long time to intervene without a "mild" exhibits more shrewdness than courage.

**ACTORS AT THE STUMPS**.—On Saturday last, the 17th inst., among the cricketers who then displayed at Long Branch, N. J., was Mr. Lester Wallack, the well known actor. We understand that he is no small hand at the game, at which, it will be remembered by professionals and amateurs hereabouts, his brother, Captain Wallack, frequently contested while on a visit to New York, some years ago. Since then the Captain has had to look to sterner duties, having been appointed Deputy Governor of the Milbank Penitentiary, near Longdon, and so devoted himself more to the wicked than to the wicket.

**A SHORT FIGHT**.—By a report given in another column, it will be seen that Benjamin, who was once defeated by Tom Sayers in three rounds, occupying six minutes and a half, is the hero of another battle, in still shorter time and a less number of rounds; namely, two rounds in three and a half minutes, with this, to him, important difference, however, that he is this time the victor, his opponent being Richard James, who was knocked out of time by a terrible cross counter. Richard was himself again, too late to be allowed to renew the contest.

**AN AMERICAN YACHT**.—The American yacht, Camilla, formerly known as the America, and which it will be remembered outstripped all her competitors at the regatta off the Isle of Wight some few years ago, has just been beaten by the English yacht Alarm. We don't feel alarmed about that, though, because we think we can get up a counter-Alarm that can take down this false Alarm in a very short while. Who's alarmed?

**A LONG FIGHT**.—Contrasted with the battle between Benjamin and James, the merry mill, also reported elsewhere, between Rook and Cobley, was a long one, and a strong one. Thirty three rounds were fought in one hour and fifty-four minutes, Cobley being checkmated by the Rook.

**A LONG RAILROAD TIME**.—The locomotive J. H. Chedell, attached to an express train, running between Syracuse and Rochester, N. Y., a distance of eighty-one miles, recently completed the distance in one hour and forty minutes, including several stoppages made to cool off a hot journal in the machinery.

**THE AMERICAN HORSE STARKE, WINS AGAIN!**.—By later advices from England, per steamship Bohemian at Farther Point, we learn that Mr. Ten Broeck followed up his success at Goodwood, by winning the Brighton Stakes, with the famous horse Starke. Verily, that animal is doing his owner good service.

## AQUATICS.

**EMPIRE CITY REGATTA CLUB**.—This well known rowing club held their meeting on the 12th inst., at which it was resolved to hold their annual regatta on the Harlem River, on the 16th of September. This will be the Empire's seventh annual regatta, and it will offer the lovers of good rowing an opportunity of rare enjoyment and sport. We shall allude to this affair again.

**REGATTA AT JERSEY CITY**.—On Thursday, the 29th inst., there will be a grand regatta at Jersey City, which will be open to all model yachts. The boats will start from McGowan's basin, foot of Van Vorst street, Jersey City, and sail a distance of twenty miles.

Some of the best yachts in our waters have already signified their intention of entering, and it will from present appearances, prove one of the best aquatic exhibitions of the present season.

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early at the National Theatre, his daughter playing Mrs. Beverly. The receipts were only \$181.62. He subsequently played at the Old Boston Theatre to houses averaging \$1000.

In Nov. 1841, he was appointed Military Storerkeeper to the Army, Frankford, Pa. The office was soon after discontinued, and he was appointed Surveyor of the port of Philadelphia. We next find him as an Inspector, first in Philadelphia, and afterwards at New York.

Mr. Cooper was the first actor who received a "Complimentary Benefit" in the United States, which took place at the Park Theatre, New York. The receipts exceeded any amount for a similar purpose on record, namely, \$45000. The advertising alone cost \$264.

Died April 21, 1849, at Bristol, Bucks Co., Pa., and was buried in the Old Church Yard, at Bristol.

With the exception of Mr. Chas. Kemble, Mr. Cooper was a more perfect speaker of the language of Shakespeare than any actor on or off the stage.

The character of Virginius was fitted in a peculiar manner to his powers and person. The language which the author has put in the mouth of Virginius, is by no means worthy the sentiments which he is to utter, and the events he is to illustrate; yet the importance of the character, and the ability of the actor, have never failed of giving an interest to the play, although every other personage is undeserving of note, and has generally been represented in a manner by no means attractive.

The last scene of the third act, where he is sent to Rome, was his masterpiece.

Macbeth was considered one of Mr. Cooper's best characters, and I shall therefore make it the subject of rather more attention than I should have done under other circumstances. In the banquet scene, addressing Banquo's Ghost:

"Or be alive again,  
And dare me to the desert with thy sword:  
If trembling I strike thee, protect me  
The body of a girl."

Mr. Cooper always read it intently, which makes nonsense of the passage.

"My May of life  
Is fall'n into the sea, the yellow leaf,"

he used to read:

"My way of life, do."

If to the fiery openness of the character of Othello, which no person could better display, he could only have added those nice expressions of the various revolutions that the soul of the Moor undergoes, it would have been a characterization perfect and fearless, forming one of the brightest creations of human genius.

The relation of "his whole course of love" before the Senators, was distinguish'd by the openness of unreserved confidence mingled with the profoundest reticence. His manner of speech was admirable.

"Her father lov'd me" &c. was admirable.

In the first scene of the third act, he displayed the ardency of his love, in his open and endearing manner, ruffled only for a moment by Iago's execration, "Hath I like not that?" at which he betrayed no symptoms of jealousy, but perplexity in not comprehending its meaning—this is a rock against which I have seen many actors spit; but to observe the figure, Mr. Cooper, with the confidence of superior manly vigor, started from the fatal place, and pursued his course with safety and majesty. It is the remark of a modern writer who appears to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions—that the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred." The Moor is furious in both these extremes; his love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, and his revenge is obdurate and inflexible. Cooper's last act was on the whole very good. It is impossible to describe his utterance of this line—"My wife! My wife!—what wife? I have no wife," after he had murdered Desdemona. His revenge was coolly plotted; he was left a blot on the page of existence and had nothing more to do but die.

As Damon, Mr. Cooper, was great. Perhaps his superiority in this, arose from the fact, that it embraces those passions which he was so successful in delineating. I shall only notice those excellencies which were most prominent. In the Senate House he rose to the top of his genius, unmixed with rancor—with all the enthusiasm of a true patriot, he seemed elevated by the virtuous principles of Pythagoras and swelled with the consciousness of his superior over the servile band who surrounded him, as he boldly defended the land of his birth & his beloved Syracuse. His eloquence was the eloquence of nature, and his thrones of pity seemed as those of a patriot lamenting a fallen and degraded country. Brighter still glowed the flame of his genius—more god-like his dignity when he uttered:

"D'ath's the best gift to one that never yet

Wish'd to survive his country."

Few Actors could reach Mr. Cooper in depicting parental affection and conubial tenderness. In the scene in the fourth act, with his wife, he concealed the actor entirely—and man and nature alone were seen.

Rolla was one of his feeblest performances; a coldness and want of animation accompanied him throughout the representation of this character.

His Richard the Third was, also, a lame performance. The crooked-backed tyrant is a character in which he never was successful.

Mr. Cooper's Hamlet was also an unsuccessful attempt. True, occasional flashes of a just and vigorous conception, illuminated his performance, but he did not personate the youthful Dane of our imagination. There is no character in which it is so necessary that the actor of it should in his looks, exhibit the feelings and particular frame of his mind.

Benedict was one of his happiest efforts. His conception of the character was embodied in the spirited and discriminating execution, resulting from an accurate and intelligent knowledge of the part; displaying correctness, refined and quick perception, and a familiar acquaintance with the author. The wit of Benedict seemed to sparkle in his eyes, and played on his countenance, as if the effusing of his own creative fancy.

Penruddock, was numbered among Mr. Cooper's most successful performances, as it was by Cook and Kemble.

MISS PRISCILLA E. COOPER.

Daughter of T. A. Cooper, made her first appearance on any stage, at the Bowery Theatre, New York, February 14th, 1834, as Virginia, to her father's Virginius. Made her first appearance in Philadelphia, February 28th, 1834—on the occasion of her father's benefit—at the Arch Street Theatre, as Virginia.

Was married to the son of Ex-President Tyler. Retired from the stage, and did the honor of the White House, in Washington. She afterwards retired to her native place, Bristol, Pa. On her first appearance—during the first scene as well as the second, there was an anxiety to behold the young daughter. This was heightened in a wonderful degree when Virginius (Mr. Cooper) said: "Send her to me Servia"—and every heart beat when Virginia (Miss C.) came tripping in and stood before her own father, saying: "Well, father, what's your will?" The whole house burst forth in one simultaneous shout of approbation, louder and longer than Cooper himself had ever received. It was several moments before he was enabled to reply; and indeed, he could not, if he would, for both the father and the daughter were so overwhelmed that their feelings found utterance in tears.

[Next week, Edwin Booth.]

#### GOODWOOD RACES

THE AMERICAN HORSE STARKE, WINS THE CUP!

These races, although taking place on foreign soil, are replete with interest to American sportsmen and the American public, inasmuch as that at equine tournament, American horses have taken a prominent and successful part on more than one occasion, and that interest will be further enhanced, by the fact, that on the present occasion, Mr. R. Ten Broeck has won that much-to-be-coveted trophy, the Goodwood Cup. The meeting opened with everything favorable in the way of weather, and the attendance was as numerous but not quite as fashionable as on previous occasions, owing to the recent death of the "warrior chief of the house of Lennox," who was wont to entertain a large company during the races, at his castle.

The programme of sport was also fully up to the mark, including, of course, the races for "The Cup," and "The Stakes," reports of which, with such other trials of speed as the American horses were engaged in, we here proceed to give:

On the first day, Tuesday, July 30, the ball was opened with the race for the Craven Stakes, in which, by the appended summary, it will be seen that Ten Broeck's Satellite proved well nigh the winner, and secured second place. The betting was 6 to 1 agst Buccaneer, 5 to 2 agst Satellite, 6 to 1 agst Cantine, and 10 to 1 agst any other (offered). A beautiful start was accomplished at the first attempt, and for about two hundred yards Strike showed in advance, when the running was taken up by Buccaneer, Strike going on second with Satellite at his quarters inside; next to them lay Overton and Cantine, and in the rear of all was Queen of the Vale. There was no change until rounding the turn into the straight, when Strike beat a retreat, and Mlle de Chantilly took her place next Satellite; and in this order the race terminated, Buccaneer without being disturbed in his lead, winning in a canter by a length, the French mare finishing a bad third. Queen of the Vale passed the beaten lot at the distance, and finished fourth a long way behind Mlle de Chantilly, Cantine and Overton being next close together; Strike beaten off. Run in 1 min. 54 sec.

The Craven Stakes of 5 mds each, with 50 added; three years old 8st, four yrs 13b, five and upwards, 9st 2lb; the winner to be sold for 500 sovereigns; if entered for 100 sovereigns allowed 9st, if not for 12 sub.

Lord Portman's b & c Buccaneer, by Wild Dayrell, 4 yrs, 9st 6b (including 7b extra). . . . . G. Fordham 1

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Satellite, 5 yrs, 9st 2lb. . . . . G. Fordham 2

Lord Lincoln's Lopus, 3 yrs, 9st 2lb. . . . . J. Snowdon 3

Mr. Henry's ch & c Brownie, 3 yrs, 9st 12b. . . . . J. Doyle 4

Mr. Payne's Shipwreck, 3 yrs, 9st 12b (carried 6s 10b) G. Parsons 5

Mr. J. Day's Canary, 3 yrs, 9st 7b. . . . . Whiteley 6

Count F. de Lagrange's b & m Mlle de Chantilly, aged, 9st 6b (including 7b extra). . . . . S. Rogers 8

Mr. Merrifield's ch & c Overton, 3 yrs, 8st. . . . . Drew 9

Capt. Lane's b & c Gibraltar, 4 yrs, 8st 13b. . . . . A. Edwards 0

Lord Albury's b & c Cantine, 5 yrs, 9st 6b (including 7b extra). . . . . L. Snowdon 0

Lord Stratmore's b & c Strike, 3 yrs, 7st 5b (100 sovereigns). . . . . J. Covey 0

Baron Rothschild's b & c Queen of the Vale, 3 yrs, 8st 4b, (including 7b extra). . . . . Charlton 0

reaching the Craven starting post, where the interval between the first pair and their followers was further increased, there was no change to record until the lot reappeared in sight, when Umpire's lead was considerably reduced, and the others were in much closer order than when they disappeared behind the hill, Balham having by that time got on better terms with himself and his companions. After passing the mile post, Schism began to feel the effects of the pace, and dropping gradually, left Starke in the second place, which he retained for a short distance only, as Jingling Johnny took it from him in rising the hill, when Daley, on a hint from Jenny Adams, indulged Elcho with a pull, whereupon he dropped back to Schism's side, behind Brownie and Surprise, who went on at Starke's heels to the last turn, after rounding which both were disposed of; Canary, Shipwreck, and Schism likewise being out of it at that point. Umpire carried on the running until within half a mile of home, when he was passed by Jingling Johnny and Starke, side by side, and shortly afterwards by Elcho (who pulled tremendously in descending the hill), and Balham, to which lot the race was now left. The issue, however, was never in doubt for though Jingling Johnny managed to keep company with the two "cracks" as far as the distance, where they shook him off, Elcho deprived Starke of the lead in the next six strides, and won—not without a taste of the "prickers"—by half a length. Balham, who was ridden home for a place, passed Jingling Johnny in the last fifty yards, and secured third honors, finishing about fifty yards behind the favorite. Schism, Shipwreck, and Canary walked in next; and the remainder being pulled up at the Stand, did not pass the post. Run in 5 min. 2 sec.

THE STAKES DAY.

The STEWARD'S CUP (Handicap) va're 300 sovereigns, by subscription of 10 sovereigns each, with 100 added, (the surplus in specie) for three years old and upwards; T Y C. : 94 subs.

Mr. Murphy's Croagh Patrick, by Mountain Deer, 3 yrs, 5st 5b. . . . . H. Taylor 1

Mr. Sutton's Man at Arms, 4 yrs, 7st 13b. . . . . Perry 2

Lord Exeter's Knight of St. Patrick, 3 yrs, 7st 10b. . . . . Oram 3

Mr. C. Alexander's Thunderbolt, 4 yrs, 9st 13b. . . . . E. Sharp 0

Baron Nivière's Cosmopolite, 3 yrs, 9st 6b. . . . . S. Rogers 0

Mr. J. Sargent's Crater, 4 yrs, 9st 2b. . . . . F. Adams 0

Mr. R. Ten Broeck's Umpire, 8 yrs, 8st 10b. . . . . G. Fordham 0

Run in 1 min 20 sec.

THE STAKES DAY.

The morning of Wednesday, July 31, opened clear and bright, and from an early hour the vehicles began to make their way towards the Course, replenished, as they were at intervals, by the trains that successively followed each other into Chichester from the neighboring towns. The number present, however, was less than have been

went to witness the sport on the Stakes Day, though the fair sex were far more numerously represented than they were on the preceding day, the balcony of the Stand becoming crowded. Bookmakers, according to custom, assembled early in the Ring, and speculation upon the Stakes was carried on briskly. The card presented a somewhat stronger appearance than that of the preceding day, and as most of the horses on the card were colored, a greater promise was given of larger fields than those that contested the majority of the races on Tuesday. In addition to the great contest, the Fonthill Stakes and the two handicap plates promised to afford good sport.

THE GOODWOOD STAKES RACE.

Was set for three o'clock, and when the telegraph exhibited only eleven starters from among the six-and-twenty "colored," surprise at the smallness of the field soon gave way to curiosity, which was considerably heightened as the market began to assume even a more perplexing aspect than heretofore. During the early part of the afternoon, the race (as it eventually turned out to be) looked like a match in the betting between Elcho and Starke, who alternated between 5 to 2 and 3 to 1, while 6 to 1 was currently offered "bar two." Elcho, at the commencement, had the decided call of the American, regardless, too, of the support awarded to Schism, as it was no secret that the Woodvates pair had not been "put together;" and as they ran on their merits, William Day's advice to back the two was generally adopted, more especially as the old mare had been booked to "do a good thing" for some time past, by the public. That Elcho had the strongest party however, is borne out by the horse's position in the market, and when seen, the preference for the young one was unmistakable, whereupon Schism went back a point or two, and the Danebury nag, Canary, became quite as good a favorite. The most important feature in the betting, however, was the extraordinary rush to get on Starke, who stripped such a different horse to what he looked all last year, whilst his action was as free and powerful as when he accomplished his two great victories over this course two years ago, that he jumped clean over Elcho's head, and at once settled the bet; as to which would be first favorite when the flag fell. He was returned at 6 to 4, though a shade less was repeatedly taken, and even money was betted in more than one instance! Of the remainder, Balham, who looked fit to run for his life, was the only one backed in earnest, and having "cleaned out" the whole of Mr. Hodgman's lot, giving weight to everything, his owner confidently reckoned upon repeating the Kingston "cup" for the Cup, in 1852. Brownie, who wore a stocking on his near fore leg, went back to 25 to 1; and with the exception of Jingling Johnny, about whom 1000 to 30 was taken several times, no outsider was in any demand whatever.

THE STAKE DAY.

The cup day, Thursday, August 1st, broke auspiciously, and as the morning advanced the weather was brilliant in the extreme. The favorable aspect of the forenoon, combined with the extraordinary interest which this year attached to the Cup race, induced a vast number of metropolitans to avail themselves of the facilities afforded to leave for a time, the crowded city for the sylvan shades of "glorious Goodwood." The traffic throughout the line was excellently carried out, and heavily laden "specials" were duly despatched on their pleasant route along the South Coast, with its varying and refreshing scenery—on one side the "unbounded sea," crested with foaming waves, and sparkling in the sunbeams, and on the other, rich fields of waving corn fast ripening for the sickle. At Drayton and Chichester stations there were abundance of conveyances to meet the requirements of the visitors, and, as usual, "Cup day" fares fully extorted. The road from the station to the Stand presented an almost unbroken line of vehicles, and it was dusky enough for a Derby day.

"Ever charming, ever new," as the poet sings, is the noble panoramic landscape of Goodwood Park, and—apart from the touching quietude of the ducal residence, so sadly in contrast with previous reminiscences—never did it appear more lovely. The attendance was very great; whilst along the grassy slopes to the right of the Stand, where the "house party"—that distinguishing and elegant feature of Goodwood—were wont to congregate, were assembled the élite of the company, including a large number of elegantly attired ladies. And yet there was something wanting to make it the old familiar Goodwood. The Ring was as crowded and noisy as ever, perhaps noisier, for the Cup race, from the fact of "Greek meeting Greek" in The Wizard and Thormanby, both of whom had been backed for "heaps" of money—coupled with the fact of the puzzling movements respecting the American, and the uncertainty as to whether the French mare, Mon Etoile, would prove the "flyer" she was heralded to be, imparted an unwonted degree of excitement to the proceedings, bookmakers rushed frantically about in pursuit of their vocation, and the babel of strange "lings" was absolutely deafening.

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THE RACE FOR THE CUP.

The interval preceding this race in which the American horse Starke was destined to be the winner, afforded ample opportunity for taking stock of the competitors, and for final operations in the ring, which presented an equally startling change as for the stakes on the previous day in regard to the first favorite; whilst the extraordinary and mysterious movements connected with Mr. Ten Broeck's horses created an "almighty sensation," originating, however, more from accident than design. On reaching the course, a rumor was abroad that Optimist was scratched, and offers of 25 to 1 against him went begging, whilst 10 to 1 was taken about Starke, with whom Mr. Ten Broeck subsequently declared to win. The backers of Optimist, as will readily be imagined, looked unutterable things, and on the spur of the moment did not fail to "peak their mind," by denouncing the proceedings in no measured terms. The horse, however, had pulled a shoe off and bruised his foot, and though not out with the rest of the string, never missed a day's work. Instead of scratching him, Mr. Ten Broeck decided that he should take his chance, and he quickly returned to 10 to 1, though he eventually declined two or three points when the money was seen to be going on Starke. To secure a strong and quickly run race, Mr. Ten Broeck started his recent purchase, Wallace, who ran in the colors—green jacket and black cap—of his late owner, Mr. G. Fitzwilliam. The field mustered nine runners only, amongst which France and

## THEATRICAL RECORD.

*Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.*

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BRYANT'S MINSTRELS.

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A new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, &c. For particulars see bills of the day.

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One door below Broome Street.

OPEN EVERY EVENING.

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MISS WINTHROP, MARY BLAKE, MILLIE FLORA,

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THE PROGRAMME IS ENTIRELY NEW;

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FIFTH ANNUAL SEASON AS ABOVE

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Nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past

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The undersigned beg now the members of the ORIGINAL

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS, who composed the company under the

proprietorship of W. A. Christy, who retired from the company upon the 12th of June, 1861, and for a consideration gave this company the exclusive use of the name of "Christy's Minstrels."

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HARRY LAURENCE, Agent.

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Under the management of Ben Wheeler. Open for popular and varied amusements, including burlesque singing, dancing, eccentricities, and performances by the highly trained Elephant.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Proprietor and Manager, MR. T. MAGUIRE.

Stage Manager, MR. J. C. BOWLING | Treasurer, MR. HAND.

Open for Dramatic, Operatic, and other Amusements.

Prices of Admission:

Dress Circle and Orchestra Seats, One Dollar.

Parquet, 50 Cents; gallery, 25 Cents.

Professionals should bear in mind that Mr. Maguire not only has

the finest theatre in San Francisco, but that he also has under his

direction the theatres of Sacramento and Marysville. Their influence

is more to the benefit of all those who engage with Mr. Maguire.

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IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS!!

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**THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,**  
BRING A RECORD OF  
**WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,**  
NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.  
NUMBER FORTY.

Bill Eales.—His Gallant Victory over Hall. This elegant sparring was in high repute among the Swells at the West end of London, as a teacher of the Art of Self-Defence, and gave the amateurs a proof of his decisive qualities in the Prize Ring, when called properly into action. His contest with Hall must "live long in the memories" of the amateurs, from its excellence and manliness on both sides.

Mousley Hurst was the scene of action on Thursday, October 29, 1818, for Eales and Hall to exhibit. It was respectfully, but not numerously attended by the amateurs. Some noblemen were present. This slackness was owing to the opinion that the fight would not be worth seeing; as it was booked that Hall would win it in a canter. Two to one and seven to four were the odds on the ground. At one o'clock the men entered the ring; Hall threw up his hat first, when Eales followed. Hall was attended by Tom Belcher and Harmer; and Eales by Oliver and T. Jones. It was for 50 guineas each.

Round 1. The combatants had scarcely shook hands when both let fly, and went to work in right earnest. Though both scolded men, there was no niggling and bobbing about, with fine attitudes to tire the eyes of the spectators. Hall, full of confidence, endeavored to take the lead of his opponent, and planted some hits; but Eales, cool, collected, and confident, made some good exchanges, and put in a tremendous blow on Hall's forehead that drew the claret instantly. It was a sort of slaughter house touch, like when the cattle are leveled, and the round was finished by Hall's going down. Great shouts of applause, "Bravo, Eales!"

2. Hall appeared bleeding at the scratch, and Eales' mug had a pinky appearance. This was a truly desperate round; and Eales, elated with his success, put in a facer and got away. Some very sharp exchanges took place, when Hall received a dreadful hit under his left ear, which produced the claret in torrents; he however, fought on undismayed, till Eales went down. Applause, and "Well done, Hall."

This round was all good fighting; and both of the men showed a superior knowledge of the art. But Eales, although he went down and won such execution upon his opponent's nob, that the 2 to 1 better was easily obtained, and that the 7 to 4 were quickly made.

4. Hall ran Eales bang against the ropes, but in struggling, Hall fell underneath. The latter appeared determined to give Eales no quarter, and to beat him off hand, if possible. The face of Hall was much dashed from exertion—the blood also running down his cheeks from his forehead—his left eye damaged—his ear lacerated as if sliced with a knife, and the cut under it quite a gaping wound. Hall was too hurried in his manner—milting and taking the fight out of his antagonist seemed his principle aim—he made no pauses or study to obtain his length; and in consequence of this defect, he threw several blows away, by missing his adversary's nob, if it did not tend to lose him the battle.

5. This was a curious round. Eales, after giving and receiving many hits, turned accidentally aside from Hall; but returned to the attack, and had the best of the round, although he went down.

6. Eales seemed rather weak, and Hall was somewhat exhausted; both having fought at the rate of ten miles an hour. The former nobbed Hall's verily, and got him on the ropes; but like a true British boxer, he declined to behave unlike a man, and walked away. The air rang with plaudits. Eales was now the favorite; and hedging was out of the question.

7. Hall commenced in good style, and planted a chopper that made Eales's pimple rattle again. Both the men nearly out fought themselves, and Hall was much distressed. He was at length, hit down by a blow in the bread-basket. Great applause. "Go it, Eales; you must win it!"—and 2 to 1 was offered by the partisans of the latter; but Hall's backers were electrified—astonished—nay, more, confounded. Their chaffers were dry—they could not speak—but viewed in mournful silence this unexpected change in war. The line of demarcation was now broken, and the enemy was conquering the country in a惊人的 general-like manner.

8. Eales kept the lead in good style, from the severity of fighting, fell down between the arms of Hall, much exhausted. Some eight min. more & "he's going" was the cry among some of the opponents of Eales, and this douding ray of hope was enough at; but, it should be reccognized, the latter had no trill to beat—Hall was full of resolution, and would not be denied; and no pugilist, for many previous battles, has been so tightly kept to his work to give a receipt in full of all demands, as Eales was in this contest with the courageous Hall. It may be thus accounted for that Eales exhibited weakness at various times during the battle.

9. Eales broke away in such good style, and his attitude was so close and firm, that Hall could not break in upon him to plant his favorite right handed blow. He was again sent down.

10. This round, to the appearance, had nearly finished the fight. The fine fighting of Eales prevailed to a great extent—he hit and broke away with the utmost sang froid and sent Hall down quite exhausted.

11. Hall, after some smart exchanges, sent Eales down.

12. This round was full of milting. Hall stood up and exchanged blows as long as he was able; but Eales put in repeated facers and broke away; boding him also so sharply, that Hall turned in a state of confusion, and went down. Four to one upon Eales, but no takers.

13. Milting again desperately; and both their nobs caught it. Eales peppered away so sharply, that he exhibited weakness; but Hall went down, almost to the out!

14. This was an excellent set to; but Hall went down in a piteous state. It was evident how the thing was going, although he kept fighting like a man.

15. It last. This was a round of rounds; and the superiority of Eales over his brave opponent was Royalty's Pavilion to a mud cabin. Hall commenced with spirit, planted three severe facers, and made some good exchanges, but was ultimately beaten over the ring to a complete stand-still; till he felt quite senseless. Upon being placed on his second's knee, Hall heard not the time—till the battle—and some time elapsed before he could quit the ring; while, on the contrary, Eales jumped over the ropes, ran a considerable distance, put on his clothes, and then returned to shake hands with his brave but fallen opponent. The colors were taken from the stakes, and the old adage was verified of "win gold and wear it." Eales tied them round his neck.

Upon no fight whatever was it remembered that more, if so much, confidence was expressed by the supporters of scientific pugilism, upon the matching, and during the time the men were in training, as to the way in which the above battle must terminate. Hall's capabilities towards victory were so bottomed up—he was always in training—an impeachable game—first-rate science—of sound pedigree, traced from his grand-sire—for goodness, the crack of the Isle of Wight—and, finally, a kind of terror to his own weight in the London ring. In fact, it was such a "certainty," that it was like the opening of flood gates. Hall was the torrent which carried everything before it; and, in short, in the "mind's eye" of the amateurs, the battle was won before the men stripped; while, on the contrary, Eales was only mentioned to be sneered at. It is true, he was admitted an excellent set-to—to hero with the gloves, and possessing everything for the theoretical part of the art, but the qualification of a fighting man, namely, a want of pluck. This was the exact situation and character of the combatants, and the general estimation they were held in by the sporting world, previous to the battle. It is necessary to premise, that Hall most satisfactorily showed himself a brave man, a good fighter, and exerted himself in every point of view to obtain the victory—he was defeated, but not disgraced; and, like great heroes of another school, experienced consolation in having done his duty.

But it was a proud day for Eales—this conquest did wonders for him; elevating him in a certain ratio from the bottom to the top of the list; and, strange to say, he almost won his battle in little more time than the first rounds of some of the "scientific" battles have taken. The qualifications of Eales as a fighter, were hitherto well known; but it was urged, he had no "heart!" In the short space of sixteen and a half minutes, he not only removed this libel on his fame, but defeated Hall, whom no boxer on the list would fight for the previous two years, and with whom Donnelly, the Irish Champion, could make but a draw of it, in his contest with him. Hall was a brave man; but Eales was a better fighter, and armed at all points. From this victory, he stood very high in the estimation of the amateurs. The long odds were again floored, and the long faces were numerous indeed. Hall could not be fresher in point of condition; but he did not look so well and strong out of his clothes; his loins were very thin, and downwards he did not appear athletic. He was terribly punished about the head; and his body also received several severe hits. Eales, although excellent upon his legs, and fine fighting, did not escape some heavy milling on his shoulders, neck, and nob. A more manly fight had not been witnessed for many a day—and the amateurs generally, bad to regret, they were not present at Mousley Hurst. No closing, nor no hugging; but stopping and hitting to the end of the chapter. Had Hall hit more at length, he might have

given a better account of the battle. Upon no occasion were men better seconded. It is worthy of remark, how soon the conversation changed in favor of Eales after the fight; almost every amateur expressing himself, "I don't know who's to beat him!"

It, however, has always been a matter of great astonishment to the sporting world, that so fine a fighter as Eales should have experienced defeat in his contest with Scroggins; and it appeared equally as strange to the amateurs, that Eales should have fancied and chosen Hall for a customer.

A FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

DELIVERED JULY 4, AT WETHERSFIELD, CONN., 1859.

[I delivered the follerin, about two years ago, to a large and di-criminatin awjince. I was 56 minis passin given pint. I have revised the orashun, and added sum things, which makes it approposser to the time—than it otherwise would be. I have also corrected the grammar and punctoatoed it. I do my own punctoatin now days. The printers in *Vanity Fair* office can't punctoate worth a cent.]

FELLER CITIZENS: I've bin honored with an invite to ororate before you to-day; and when I say that I skurkely feel ekal to the task, I'm sure you will b'lieve me. Wethersfeld is justly celebrated for her onyins and patrism the world over, and to be axed to paws and address you on this, my fast perfehsnal tower threw New England, causes me to feel—to feel—I may say it causes me to feel. [Grate applaws. They thought this was one of my eccentricities, while the fact is I was stuck. This between you and I.]

I'm a plane man. I don't know nothin about no ded languages, and am a little shaky on liven ones. There'd, expect no flowery talk from me. What I shall say will be to the pint, right strate out.

I'm not a politician and my other habits air good. I've no enemies to reward nor friends to sponge. But I'm a Union man. I luu the Union—it's a good thing, and it makes my hart bleed to see a lot of ornary people a movin heaven—no, not heaven, but the other place—and earth to bust it up. Too much good blud was spit in courtin and marryin that truly respectable female, the Goddess of Liberty, to git a divorce from her now. My own State of Injanny is celebated for unhitchin narrid people with neatness and despatch, but you can't git a divorce from the Goddess up there. Not by no means. The old gal has behaved herself too well to cast her off now. I'm sorry the picters don't give her no shoes or stockings, but the band of stars upon her head must continue to shine undim forever. I'm for the Union as she air, and withered be the arm of every ornery cuse who attempts to bust her up. That's me. I've sed. [It was a very sweaty day, and at this pint of the orashun a man f'down with sunstroke. I told the awjice that, considerin the large number of putty gals present, I was more afraid of a *dauber stroke*. This was impromptu, and seemed to amoose them very much.]

FELLER CITIZENS—I haint got time to notis the growth of America frum the time the Mayflower cum over in the Pilgrim and braw Plymouth Rock with them, but every skool boy nose our karier has been tremenjis. You will excuse me if I don't prase the erly settlers of the Kolonies. Peple which hung idiotic old witmin fur witches, burnt holes in Quakers' tongues and consind their feller-critters to the treadmill and plerry on the silitest provocashun may have been very nice folks in their way, but I must confess I don't admire their stile, and will pass by. I spouse them well, and so, in the novel and techin langwidge of the nusepapers, "peas to their ashis." There was no diskount, however, on them brave men who fit, bled, and died in the American Revolution. We needn't be afraid of settin 'em up two steep. Like like Show, they will stand any amount of prase. G. WASHINGTON was about the best man this world ever set eyes on. He was a clear headed, warm hearted, brave and stiddy-goin man. He never SLOPT OVER! The pre-wlinn weakness of most public men is to SLOP OVER! [Put them words in large letters.—A. W.] They get filled up and slop. They Rush Things. They travel two much on the high presher principle. They git onto the fast poplar hobby hoss which trots along, not carin a sent whether the beest is even-goin, clear-sited and sound, or spavind, blind and bawky. Of course they git througheventually if not sooner. When they see the multitud going it blind they go Fel Mel with it, instead of exerint theirselvses to set it right. They can't see that the crowd which is now bearin them triumphant on its shoulders will soon disliver its error and cast them into the hose pond of Oblivion without the slightest hesita-shun. Washington never Slipt Over. That wasn't George's stile. He luu'd his country dearly. He wasn't after the spiles. He was a human angel in a 3 cornered hat and knee britches, and we shan't see his like rite away. My friends, we can't all be Washingtons, but we kin all be patriots and behave ourselves in a human and a Christian manner. When we see a brother goin down hill to Ruin, let us not give him a push, but let us seeze hold of his coat tails and draw him back to morality.

Imagine G. Washington and P. Henry in the character of secessers! As well fancy John Bunyan and Dr. Watts in spangled tites, doin the trapese in a one-hoss circus!

I tell you, feller citizens, if it would have been ten dollars in Jeff. Davis' pocket if he'd never been born! \* \* \*

Be sure and vote at least once at all elecshuns. Buckle on yer Armer and go to the poles. See two it that yer naber is there. See two it that the cripples are provid'd with carriages. Go to the poles and stay all day.

Behar of the infamus lie which the Oppostion will be settin to git up for politikal effek on the eve of eleckshun.

To the poles! to the poles! and when you git there vot as you darn pleas. This is a privilige we all persess, and it is one of the bootties of this grate and free land.

I see much two admire in New Englan. Your gals in Jeff. Davis' pocket if he'd never been born! \* \* \*

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